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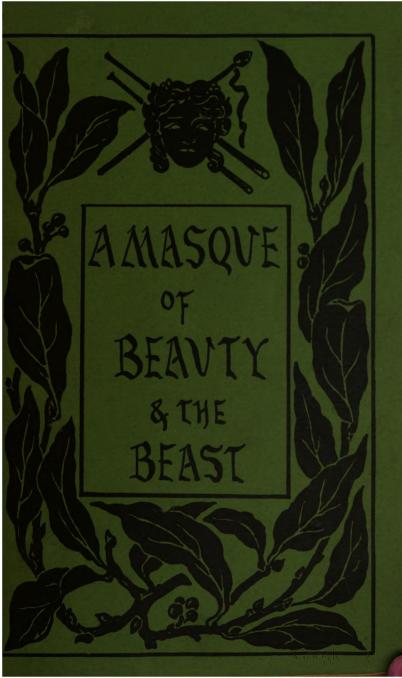


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## Masques and Dances.

## FIRST BOOK: BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

### A Masque df

# Beauty and the Beast.

BY

#### A. M. BUCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THROUGH HUMAN SYES," "THE BURDEN OF ENGELA," "BAGER HEART," &C.

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TO GABRIELLE
(M. G. S.)

PROPERTIES for an indoor presentation: — Two screens, piano, low table, spinning wheel, low stool, couch, plain drapery for background. Two standard lamps at corners, shaded with red paper from audience; green and white fairy lights; laurel and juniper boughs to hide stems of lamps and form Beast's cave. Spears, bows, a spade, distaffs, garland of roses, bunches of barley. Bunch of corn and of grapes for Beast. Pearls, strings of other beads, birds' feathers and wings. Women may be dressed in medieval style; boys in caps and leather jerkins, laced on shoulders and up sides; all should be in stockinged feet, or sandals without heels.

#### A Masque

Λf

## Beauty and the Beast.

#### Personages.

BEAUTY, wearing straight white dress and gold fillet.
BEAST, in leather shoes, hides heaped high on shoulders and back; and a shaggy, not too grotesque, human headpiece with large opening for mouth. He carries his head forward, brutishly. Underneath, he is dressed in white tunic, cloak, and shoes, as the Prince.

FATHER, in beard, merchant's purple gown and fur. MOTHER, in crimson gown.

FOUR BROTHERS, in fawn-coloured tunics.

FOUR SISTERS, in green dresses or dark blue. COCK, to crow behind scenes.

#### Place.

GARDEN OF PALACE, or Vestibule.

Main entrance down centre; a low white couch on right, with bay or rose bush at its head and small loom at its foot, is balanced by a low white table (on trestles), with spinning wheel, stool, and harp (or lute), on left; cave behind bushes on left.

A solemn music is heard, after which enter PROLOGUE (in black tunic and cap).

To-day we set before your gracious eyes The old-world tale of Beauty and the Beast; And shew how Beauty, born of every age And every land — yea, where the need is sorest,

Dares of her faithfulness and innocence Restore her people from a savage doom; And, in that hour, unwittingly receives, Beyond her fairest hope, her vanished Prince, The lord and monarch of the country, he Who, decked in careless clouts of idleness, Under a fell enchantment, wandered darkly, Lost to his birthright and his noble name!

For Power, losing sustenance within
From heavenly food and fountains beautiful,
Must groan in brutish forms of discontent,
Till Heart of Beauty, pitying his lot,
Out of her infinite nature, join herself
To him again, and win him back to peace!

Exit (B).

MERCHANT enters with jewels in his hands, which he places on low white covered table (L).

#### MERCHANT.

Now are my last remaining jewels gone—Amethyst, ruby, jade, and emerald!
And these must go, my pearls, my latest mark Of ancient pride and dignity! Alas!
The country is forsook! The Prince is fled These many months, and we are left alone Without a King! He slipt our vigilance Even as we laughed and slept and praised our day!

Yet, even lordless, men have dwelt at ease!
O Beauty, why didst thou desire the Rose

To spoil our rest? Were not thy Father's love,

These pleasant gardens, riches, merchandise, Enough for thee, as for thy Sisters? Nay, I blame thee not! Who could have told the end?

Since that dread hour I seized the fatal Rose From off this bush, the Beast, the inhuman form

That slumbered harmless in his fearful cave, And scarcely reached us with his roaring, prowls

Through all the land, demanding of our best!
The harvest stands ungathered on the hills:
The fields are barren; villages decayed;
Mothers no longer nurse their boys in health,
And men die, wildly slain by their own rash
hand,

Sick with despair.

WIFE enters, bearing high a tray of cakes for the table. Four sons and four daughters follow her, boys bearing bows and spears and spades, girls bearing feathers, wings of birds, distaffs, gay apparel. Boys and girls range themselves along back of stage, boys to E, girls to L.

#### WIFE.

Behold this dainty dish,
Made as we loved to make it, in old days,
When joy was in the land! Dost thou recall,
My husband, at the time the girl was born—

Our youngest—dear as a gift beyond the tale
Of human measure—on the festal board
We set this cake? And, looking on her face,
The people cried: "Such Beauty be no gift
To you alone! Reserve her for the Prince,
That his may be the fairest in the land!"
And now, poor child! she toils—a scullery
wench—

About the house! O simple innocent, To set her foolish heart upon a rose To mar our peace!

#### PARENTS (together).

All ye, her Brothers, say, Have ye no judgment in the hour of need?

#### BROTHERS.

Three times we went abroad to search him out, Our rightful Prince; o'er hills and plains we roved,

And found him not. Three times we met the Beast,

And wrestled with him, getting for our pains But cruel blows and laughter. Here we lay Our weapons down.

(They lay implements beside couch.)

#### PARENTS.

And ye, her Sisters, say, Have ye no cunning word, no comfort left, That were so glib of tongue and light of heart?

#### SISTERS.

Three times we summoned all our arts and wiles,

Decking ourselves with jewels and with gauds; Three times we came and sang before the cave To win the cruel Beast to gentleness; And only got us oaths and mocks and gibes And roarings terrible.

(They fling feathers, &c., on table.)

ALL (with raised hands).

Woe, woe for the days,

The days of peace and of prosperity!

BEAUTY stands in centre of doorway, a rose in her bosom, a long broom in her hand. She is seen by audience as in centre, between the Parents, who turn to her as she speaks.

Why stand ye weeping here, making your moan?

Is there no remedy, no single gift
To tame the mighty Beast and win his love?

#### MERCHANT.

A gift there is, and easy to the hand,
If one dare give it. Night and morn, they say,
His bitter groaning is for one to dwell
Here, in the ancient palace, by the cave,
And be companion of his loneliness!
Riches, pleasure, and food his soul abhors,
Battening on them to stay his cruel famine,
Till he discover one, content to look
Upon his ugliness and live with him
For ever!

#### BEAUTY.

#### I am content to live with him!

#### ALL (starting).

Beauty! what wild midsummer dream is this? You could not stand a moment in his sight, Who sink to see the smallest creature marred, One cripple child, one broken thread awry!

#### BEAUTY.

I pray you, let me go and dwell with him!
(Puts broom aside by the couch.)

#### MOTHER.

My child! hast thou forgot thy lord, the Prince?

Hast thou so little love, so little grief, That thou canst give thyself away for ever To one, his enemy, his bitter foe?

#### BEAUTY.

Because I love, yea, and because I grieve
I choose to go. My noble lord is fled,
We know not how or why. Should he return,
Think of his pain to find the country waste,
His people homeless, ravaged, desolate!

#### SISTERS.

Now is our sister venturesome indeed!

Now know we why her sleepless eyes are bright

This many a night, and why she spake with

none.

She would be made a martyr 'fore us all, And worshipped by the people in her death!

#### BROTHERS.

The maid is sure distraught! How should she win

Where we, by force of word and arm, have failed?

Hath not her folly wrought us ill enough?

#### BEAUTY kisses FATHER.

My will is ready. Pray you, say no more! Leave me this night—two nights—and when the noon

Stands high in heaven the third new day, return,

And find me here, safe—and the Beast our friend.

MOTHER, stretching out arms to her.

I tremble for thee, Beauty, and thy thought!
He will affright and tear thee in his rage.

Thou must cajole, outwit him. Savage minds
May not be reasoned with.

(Brauty kisses her.)

#### MERCHANT.

I suffer, too,

In innermost pride, that I must bend so low, And give my daughter, destined for a throne, To be companion to a common Brute.

BEAUTY, looking to the sky.

The hour is nearing sunset; let me go!

(Dreamily, coming forward.)

Last night I had a dream that gave me joy!

I thought the Prince before me stood and cried,
"Beauty, obey thyself, and all is thine!"

All reluctantly depart, two and two, as they came—BROTHERS and SISTERS, and, lastly, FATHER and MOTHER, looking wistfully back.

BEAUTY, alone, looks round her and in direction of cave, L.

What have I promised? What is this I dare? O if the task be all beyond my strength! How shall I charm him, meet his first approach,

And win his courtesy?

(Puts the pearls round her neck.)

How will he look?

Ah! in what fearful guise! The sun is down! He comes; he comes!

(She covers her face as a prolonged roaring is heard.)

BEAST enters from mouth of cave, moaning horribly.

Food, food for my hungry maw! Give me clamour and wrath and violence! Waste is the land, and still I am not fed: Severed from all that lives, I dwell alone! The Tree no longer putteth forth her Rose, And mirth has left my heart for evermore!

#### BEAUTY.

But you shall be no more alone, poor Beast!

BEAST glares at her with a long hiss.
What pretty toy is this to feed my rage?

#### BEAUTY.

I Beauty am, and come to be Your comrade, so you suffer me. BEAST.

I want no comrade of a girl like you; Out on my nightly raids, what will you do?

BEAUTY.

My hands shall touch the blood where yours have been!

My eyes shall see the things that you have seen!

BEAST.

. Who sent you forth on such a foolish quest?

BEAUTY.

I came of my own grief, my own unrest!

BEAST.

Was it for nothing else you dared to come?

BEAUTY.

I came to save my people from their doom!

BEAST.

And nothing else?

BEAUTY.

I have a memory dim

Of one who was a Prince-I came for him!

BEAST.

But not for me? Nay, answer not! Come, eat!

And sit beside me on this empty seat.

BEAST takes cake, breaks it rudely, stuffs it into his mouth, and offers some.

These poor remains of feasting you must share, For all the fields and granaries are bare.

#### BEAUTY, touching his hands.

But you could make them full with hands like these,

And Earth would give us back her fair increase.

(Taking up spade.)

Know you these tools my elder Brothers made?

This was the earliest, the mighty spade.

With this they turn the glad and dewy Earth,

And, with their toil, renew her wondrous worth.

#### BEAST.

I do not want to work, but to enjoy. Here's food enough; why worry and annoy? Break up these foolish things; I hate them all! They but remind me of a slave, a thrall!

#### BEAUTY.

O break them not, for they are dear to me! I pine and die where spades forbidden be.

#### BEAST, rising.

Then take your tools away! I'll send you home.

A comrade such as you need not have come.

#### BEAUTY, rising.

Nay, let me stay with you; I ask to stay!

#### BEAST.

You said 'twas not for me you came away!

#### BEAUTY.

Be patient with me, Beast, and you shall know What I can be. Do not compel me so. But now my eyes are weary. May I sleep? And in my dreams a thought for you I'll keep.

#### BEAST grunts.

Well, lay you down to-night without a fear. I'll take me to my cave that lieth near. But let me kiss you once before I go?

Not once? Ah well, I knew it would be so

(Beast takes rest of food off, grunting, to cave.

BEAUTY sighing, and singing as she takes off her crown, hangs it on the bush, and puts her shoes under the bed. She lays herself straight on the couch.

Sleep, I give myself to thee; Set my weary spirit free! Bid now many a lovely thing Stand about my bed and sing Songs I never hear by day, Since the Prince is gone away.

(She sleeps.)

BEAST, having divested himself of his brutish head and hide, issues as PRINCE from the back of cave, and comes lightly and slowly down central entrance, stands at foot of the couch, goes round it, watches her long, kisses both his hands to her.

Beauty, obey thyself, and all is thine!

[Optional.—Here may be introduced Beauty's dreams of a renewed Earth; fairy dances of joy; troops of flowers; harvesting and agricultural festivals; morris dances; and the revels of the animal creation—noiselessly to a solemn music. Animals suggested are birds, dragon-flies, butterflies, sea-anemones, frogs, medusæ, squirrels, rabbits, and spiders.

Exeunt Dancers.

BEAUTY stirs. The COCK crows in distance, or BIRDS twitter, BEAST kisses his left hand to her once more, and leaves as he came, noiselessly.

BEAUTY, waking.

Morning already? What was that I saw? A white foot glittering through the open door? Nay, 'twas the flickering fancy of my thought That, in a dream, my noble lover brought.

(She puts on her crown and shoes and goes to spinning wheel, singing.)

Love, sweet Love,

Stood by me in a dream!

His face I could not see;

He kissed his hands to me,

Crying: "Beware,

Dear Heart of care!

The things of joy are not the things that seem."

Love, sweet Love,

Let me do no mistake!

Check me with sudden tears; Prick me with thorny fears,

Where I should go,

So I but know

And see thee, looking on thee when I wake!

BRAST approaches unnoticed, in his old garb, and stands in mouth of cave, watching her; he has roots and fruits in his hands; he retains the white shoes of the PRINCE.

Good morrow, Beauty! Do you sing to me?

Beauty, shivering and scarcely looking up. Yes, if you understand such minstrelsy.

#### BEAST.

Was it not all of tears and joy and love?

#### BEAUTY.

But words like these no sullen heart can move.

#### BEAST.

Beauty, you know me not; see what I bring! While you were sleeping I was suffering. I could not rest; I worked upon the fields: Accept the fruit my first poor furrow yields.

#### BEAUTY.

This fruit is ripe! This corn is blessed with dew! (Rises and leads him to couch.)

O Beast, sit here! I'll gladly eat with you!

They share apple or grapes, and gravely look at each other. Beast slowly turns his head aside, ashamed of his ugliness. He sees feathers and furs lying on the table, rises, and sticks them into his belt.

#### BEAST.

I want to be more costly in my dress, And match the peacock in his gorgeousness.

#### BEAUTY.

O do not touch those mangled things—they bleed!

I hear their cries, their beating wings indeed!

#### BEAST.

But these your Sisters wore; they threw them here;

They always leave their ends for me to wear.

#### BEAUTY, turning away her head.

I cannot answer it—alas! 'tis true;
But let me show you splendours rare and new,
More costly than the broken oriole wing,
Full of the thoughts of men that work and
sing.

(She takes up half-woven piece from the loom, and throws the shuttle.)

See you this tissue wrought of flaxen thread, And gold embroideries of heroes dead? By thought the thread is woven link to link....

#### BEAST, impatiently.

But thought is work; I do not want to think! Why should we work and think while we can seize?

Break up this wheel and loom, these fooleries!

#### BEAUTY.

O break them not, for they are dear to me! I pine and die where looms forbidden be.

#### BEAST.

Then take your tools away! I'll send you home.

A comrade such as you need not have come.

#### BEAUTY.

O let me stay with you; I ask to stay!

#### BEAST.

You said 'twas not for me you came away!

#### BEAUTY.

Be patient with me, Beast, and you shall know What I can be. Do not compel me so.

Have I not cheered your heavy thoughts away?

How fast the hours have sped! 'tis shut of day,

And now my eyes are weary. May I sleep? And in my dreams a thought for you I'll keep.

#### BEAST.

Well, lay you down to-night without a fear.

I'll take me to my cave that lieth near.

But let me kiss you once before I go—
Your feet, your hands. But once? Say me not no!

BEAUTY slowly gives him her hands; BEAST kisses them reverently, lifts himself upright with a sudden movement, tears the birds' wings from his belt, and flings them on table as he goes out.

BEAUTY, looking after him, taking off her shoes and crown as before; then gazing at her hands.

Poor Beast, can this be true? Are these warm tears?

How lonely has he been through all these years!

She puts her arms round her knees and rocks herself on the couch, looking towards cave.

Sleep, I give his soul to thee; Set his weary spirit free! Bid now many a lovely thing Stand about his cave and sing Songs we never hear by day, Since the Prince has gone away.

(She sleeps.)

PRINCE enters slowly as before, stands at foot of couch, goes round it, kisses his hands, and ories:

Beauty, obey thyself, and all is thine!

[Enter DANCERS as before, and exeunt.]

BEAUTY stirs: COCK crows; PRINCE kisses his left hand to her and reluctantly goes.

#### BEAUTY, waking.

Morning already? What was that I saw?

A white coat glittering through the open door?

Nay, 'twas the flickering fancy of my thought

That, in a dream, my noble lover brought.

(She puts on crown and shoes and goes to harp,
and sings.)

No form has he, nor any place,

The lord of grace!

And yet, in every wayside bower,

In whispering leaves, in laughing shower,

I catch a moment's passing of his face!

In vain I woo with tender plea;

I nothing see!

And yet the beetle's humming wing,
The waves that wander, stars that sing,
Are murm'ring day and night his name to
me!

BEAST stands at entrance to his cave, watching her. He wears his brutish head, and the white shoes and cloak of the PRINCE; in his hands he bears a gold broidered girdle.

Good morrow, Beauty! Do you sing to me?

#### BEAUTY.

Yes, if you understand such minstrelsy.

#### Beast.

Was it not all of stars and flowers and love?

#### BEAUTY.

But words like these no idle heart can move.

#### BEAST.

Beauty, you know me not; see what I bring! While you were sleeping I was suffering. I could not don again my shaggy hide; I found an empty loom: I took my pride, And wove of it this cloak, this girdle fair, Which, of your gentleness, I pray you, wear.

BEAUTY takes it reluctantly and places it round her waist; the end of it hangs down in front.

#### BEAST, sadly.

I see; you fear it may your whiteness stain:
Your only wish is to be free again;
While I—my life is gone! I cannot sleep;
I only lay me in my cave and weep.
Gone is the cunning of my murderous hand,
The fierce old joy with which I smote the land!

Beauty, I need you! is my hourly cry, And if you will not help me now—I die!

#### BEAUTY.

What have I done? O Beast, dear Beast, forbear!
Indeed, I have given all I can and dare.

#### BEAST.

Nay, the last gift remainsth yet to prove: No comrade he that giveth not his love!

He puts out his two hands imploringly, as did the PRINCE in the dream. BEAUTY observes this with great distress.

#### BEAUTY.

O I am torn with terror and dismay! I cannot give thee "yes," nor give thee "nay." Mother, Father, Sisters, Brothers dear, Come to my saving; give me counsel here!

#### BEAST.

Call not so wildly. If your thoughts are so, I would not keep you—you are free to go; But, once you cross the threshold of the door, It closes on your steps for evermore! It little matters what with me must be; You and your happy land henceforth are free!

#### BEAUTY.

What have I heard? Did these my ears tell plain?
O say those happy, happy words again!

#### BEAST.

That you have conquered, Beauty; I am nought,

And never more can seek the things I sought.

BEAUTY, after a pause.

I will not leave you, Beast—nay, I remain;
But let me have my dear ones once again!
Trust me so far, and leave me for a space;
'Tis the third day since I have seen their face.

#### BEAST.

Then call them, Beauty; in my cave all day I'll moan the long and weary hours away.

Step to the threshold yonder; bid them come!

But, at the hour of sunset, speed them home.

Let not the sun go down upon the hill

Ere thou remember me, with thy sweet will.

No warning shalt thou hear, no bitter cries.

If thou recall him not, thy comrade dies!

#### BEAUTY.

Good Beast, I thank thee for this respite; go!
Be long, dear hours, until the sunset glow!
He retires to cave, and looking back sees BEAUTY
already leaning over the threshold, marking
him not. He sighs and disappears inside
the cave.

BEAUTY, clapping her hands.
Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother,
Joy is ours to-day!
Bring a song,
For cruel wrong
And woe is passed away.

PARENTS and BRETHREN enter slowly as before, and take their old position. Girls have fruits in their hands and distaffs; boys have corn, and hoes over shoulder. BRAUTY seats MOTHER on spinning stool and kneels at her knees; FATHER stands behind them.

#### MOTHER.

Thank Heaven, sweet child, once more I see thee safe!

And yet, methinks, this gentle face is worn; Thy dress is soiled; these hands are stained and brown.

#### BEAUTY.

'Tis that we toil so hard, the Beast and I; The hand of courage ever tells its tale.

#### FATHER.

Alas, it was not so when I was young!

A strong hand in a maiden was a shame.

#### BEAUTY.

No shame is mine! This palm shall be my pride;

For, by its open script, engraven here, The land is chartered free!

BROTHERS, eagerly, while others look up in astonished joy.

'Tis even so!

These two nights, as we went through all the fields,

Was peace among the farms, and on the corn
The moon looked down, and all the sheaves
were full;

No ear was empty. By the open door The threshers slept, as if secure from harm. Silence was in the woods, and down the hills The very streams ran soft and musical!

#### SISTERS.

And we, too, as we went, beheld a bird
Go unaffrighted to her hidden nest—
A bird of wondrous plume; her grateful eye,
Liquid and dark, had very speech of love.
And, at the cottage fire, young mothers sat
Nursing their babes and singing olden songs.
(All listen, as far-off singing is heard: see last
chorus.)

FATHEB, after a pause.

Where songs are in the land, the heart is free.

MOTHER, rousing herself.
But tell us, Beauty, doth he treat thee well?
How is the cruel Beast by thee beguiled?

BEAUTY, dreamily.

Mother, methinks no "cruel Beast" is he Rather he seeketh every art he may To win my favour! O alack! alack! (She weeps, with her head on MOTHER'S knee.)

FATHER, stroking her hair.

Nay, child, thou shalt not weep! Great was the task,

Too great for slender shoulders such as these. Return with us, at least for half the day; He makes too great demands, keeping thee close.

BEAUTY, rising.

Nay, if I cross the threshold he will die, Despairing, raving mad!

FATHER.

The Beast shall die?

MOTHER.

The Beast be mad?

BRETHREN.

Then let him rave and die!

BEAUTY.

Cease, I implore! Ye know not what ye say:
The Beast is gentle—greater, yea, than ye!
Let me declare it: spite of his ugly strength,
He hath a simple heart for worshipping.
I honour him, I would not have him harmed!

BROTHERS, laughing.

'Tis good, it seems, to be a captive here!

SISTERS.

O Sister, shame! Thou art demented quite!

PARENTS.

My child, my child! Hast thou forgot the Prince?

BEAUTY.

Nay, I remember him; and even in this I speak as he would speak, with gratitude.

MOTHER.

The Prince! ah, what was that I heard last night?

An old wife told me as she milked the kine:
Dark in the dawn she saw, upon the hill,
A stripling, toiling slow with pick and spade;
And, as he made to go, he turned his face:
She swore it was the Prince!

#### Father.

Yea, and to-day
Two weavers, coming early to their loom,
Found one a-sitting there and weaving thread;
A girdle 'twas, of splendid broidery,
E'en such a one as this.

(Touches BEAUTY's girdle.)
He rose and went

Ere one could speak with him; but, as he went, They saw his face, and swore it was the Prince!

## BROTHERS, clapping hands.

Surely the hour is come—the time is full! Fate is accomplished and the Prince returns!

#### STATERS.

The Beast enchanted goeth to his doom Slain by the Innocent, by Beauty slain!

#### BEAUTY.

Nay, Innocence and Beauty cannot slay!

No deed becomes a deed, that breaketh troth,

And silence—murder! when a word could

heal!

#### ALL.

Vainglorious girl, headstrong unto the end! How wilt thou ruin all when all is won? Thy Prince returns—returns perhaps to-night!

#### BEAUTY.

Then let him come! I go not from my word. See how the sun begins to leave the sky! I pray you, leave me—Father, Mother, go!

She joins PARENTS' hands and sends them reluctantly before her, waving to the BRETHEEN to depart first, two and two, as they came.

## Delay not!

(Looking back over her shoulder at the sun.)

Nay, ye know not what ye do,

Moving so lamely to fulfil my oath!

ALL cross threshold into background, but remain extended in a line, observing.

## BEAUTY, alone.

The sun is set! O Beast, dear Beast, return! (Silence.)

Is it too late? O Beast, I pray you, come! I miss you, here and everywhere. O come!

BEAST enters, with sunk head, reeling as one giddy; he falls on one knee before her, breathing heavily. BEAUTY puts her hand on his head.

#### BEAUTY.

O are you blind, or sick? Look up at me! See, I am here, to save you from your doom.

BEAST, rising slowly.

To save me-save me, Beauty? even me?

### BEAUTY.

To save you and to love you am I come!

BEAST, lifting up his headpiece with both hands high from his shoulders, and looking down at her from under it. She falters backward.

Shrink not, Beauty, from the sight; 'Tis the mirror of thy might! Faithful to thy name in thee, Thou hast won thyself and me!

(He throws headpiece aside and takes both her hands.)

Sick with wasteful idle ways,
Seeking joy where joy was not,
Wandered I in thorny ways,
Honour, self, and name forgot!

Till, by crowning me with shame, Beauty, whom the worlds adore, Thou hast given me back my name, In thy love, for evermore!

They loosen hands nearest audience, listen over the outer shoulder, raise hands in attentive attitude, and look again at each other, during a solemn singing from the advancing PARENTS and BRETHREN, who enter and remain extended, as before, in background. BEAUTY gives PRINCE the Rose from her breast, and the BROTHERS fling a garland of roses over the tree.

(Canon.)

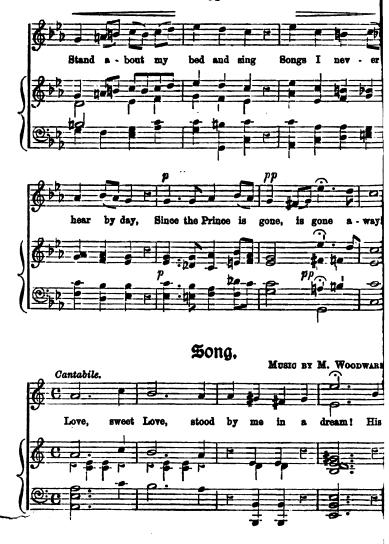
The Prince and Beauty Bride
Have joined them hand in hand!
Joy, at Duty's side,
Goes forth to fill the land!
Their hearts are one,
As Love in heaven hath writ;
Through toil and sorrow they
In one are knit!
The Prince and Beauty Bride
Shall rule the land!

PRINCE and BEAUTY turn and go out through central entrance between PARENTS, who fall in, followed by the BRETHEEN. Singing continues for a space after all are out of sight.

# Song.



MUSIC BY A. M. BUCKTON.



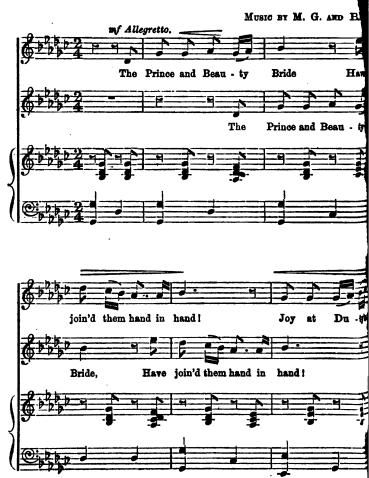




# Song.



## Canon.







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